THE GREAT LAVA BEDS.

STRANGE THINGS OF THE MODOC REGION OF NORTH CALIFORNIA.

Miles of Underground Passages Lined With Ice-Mountains of Glass - livers that Gush from the Ground Like Springs,

The San Francisco Chronicle says: One of the most remarkable and interesting sections in the world, little known and less seen, lies in the northeastern portion of California, embracing parts of Siskiyou and Modoc counties, and crossing the Oregon line. This is a lava bed country, a region abounding in wonders, surprises and natural contradictions, such as caverns in which is found perpetual ice, formed ages before man inhabited our planet, and beside them wells and geysers of boiling water. Here Nature has culminated her efforts for the grotesque and marvellous. Lakes disappear and go no one knows whither; rivers burst from the ground and none can tell their source. Here is a vast stretch of solid lava, the surface of which swells and undulates like the waves of the ocean. And this it is, a rolling, seething, molten ocean, solidified and left in billowy form forever. Here and there a mountain of lava has been thrown up, its stratifica-tion, if it can be so called, serpentine, twisted and gnarled, as though in a semifluid state it had fallen fold upon fold, the whole mass honeycombed and filled with cavernous recesses, where the folds remain suspended. Here are mountains of volcanic glass, black, glittering, re-flecting the sun's rays, and looming up like vast gems, their faces smooth and sharp, as though fresh from the hand of a giant lapidary. Under the whole of this surface are

Inbyrinthine caverns extending for scores of miles, a perfect wilderness of passmight wander for years and never reach Crevices of all widths, a few inches to hundreds of feet, and of all depths, some of which have never been fathomed, tear the face of the country in all directions. Woe to the man ho leaves the beaten road and becomes lost in this inextricable maze of yawning precipices. Without a guide he would become lost amid the crevices on the surface as readily as in the cavernous depths

It was here that Captain Jack with a mere handful of Modoc Indians so long withstood the United States troops. Thoroughly acquainted with the under-ground passages, it was impossible to surround them, for when cornered in one place they would suddenly issue to the surface in another part of the country, and it was impossible to handle an enemy who could escape under the very feet of the troops.

The country abounds in game, for few hunters have had the hardihood to follow their sport in this region, and deer, bear and wild fowl of all kinds exist in great numbers unmolested in their possession of the lava beds.

It is a country as interesting as the Yosemite or the Yellowstone, and that it is so little known or frequented is due to the lack of easy transportation. It is not reached by any line of railroad, requires some hardships to be undergone to visit it, and has, therefore, remained in comparative obscurity.
In August of the present year a small

party of adventurous spirits, including the writer, made a visit to this terra in-cognita. Leaving the railroad at Sisson, we proceeded to Dana, in Shasta county, and from there pushed out at once towards the lava hell country, our obctive point being Cornell, or Rhett, or Tule Lake, ninety-three miles distant. We were provided with a good team and saddle mules, and at Lookout, twenty-seven miles from Dana, we had the good for-tune to secure for a guide a half-breed Indian thoroughly acquainted with the

Although the whole country is volcanic, the section known as the lava beds does not commence for several miles north of Dana. Within two miles of that place we came to the head waters of Fall River, chief tributary of the Sacramento which rises here in one vast body out of the solid lava, a huge spring, acres in extent. It winds a tortuous course for some twenty miles or more, and at last, after dashing over a 100-foot fall at Fall River City, joins Pitt River, an insignificant and aluggish stream above the point of junc-

Whence this vast body of water originates is not known, but the most plausi-ble theory is that it has its source in Tule Lake, into which several large streams are continually pouring, and which has no surface outlet. This lake is situated in the heart of the lava beds; its waters, in all probability, permeate the lava rocks and flow until they reach an impervious formation, where they are forced to the surface. Theories aside, here is a vast river of water clear selection. here is a vast river of water, clear, cold, pure, bursting forth in one vast body from the bowels of the earth; an underground river from the lava beds.

Near the point where this river comes to the surface we found our first ice cave, which, remarkable as it appeared at first, lost its prestige beside the greater wonders further on. Following our guide, we entered a small opening in the lava, and, after progressing with difficulty for some distance, we suddenly emerged into a chamber about forty feet in extent, and, as near as we could judge, of about the same height. Here, in the middle of August, with the thermometer uncomfortably near 100 de-grees on the surface, walls and roof were white with frost, while the floor was a frozen pool. The sudden transition from

the summer heat of the outer world to the intense cold of the cave soon drove our party out, and, breaking some icicles from the walls, we made for the warmer As though to prepare us for the start-

ling contradictions with which this whole region abounds, we found near this cave, and apparently originating in its depths, a large boiling spring, the from which finds its way into Fall River. Leaving Lookout, we were soon in the midst of the lava beds, a region of indescribable wonders. Here were hillocks of lava of all colors rolling away on every hand. Striped and streaked and spotted with red and green and blue, and all known colors and shades of colors; the landscape was fantastic on so large a scale that it was grand. Carefully foilowing our guide, we picked our way among the crevices, with which the whole country is seamed and scarred. Some times we descended a narrow, almost perpendicular trail to the bottom of one, doubled our course to avoid another. Oftentimes we were compelled to dismount and lead our animals. Sometimes we would drop a block of lava down some of these crevices, so deep we could not see the bottom, and listen to its rebound from side to side, until the sound died away in the distant depths, with no evidence of bot-tom being reached. At other times by listening carefully we could plainly hear the rush of waters in the depths be-

After traveling some fifteen miles north-westerly from Lookout we reached a mountain of volcanic glass, brilliant and glittering in the morning sun. Without a vestige of vegetation, its smooth sides looked like a burnished mirror as it towered above the surrounding hillocks. At the base of this our guide led us into another of those remarkable ice caves with which this region abounds. Lighting our torches, we crawled through a long passage or cleft in this mass of obsidian, the walls on either side glittering under our torches, as though set with a million gems. Following this passage for some distance, the cold growing more and more intense as we proceeded, a sudden turn opened a wider chamber to our view. The opened a wider chamber to our view. The bottom was a lake of solid ice, the walls were coated with the white rime of ages, and from the ceiling hung pendant icides in endless number and of all sizes. In some places these had reached the floor and formed solid columns of less. In oth-

low, in crevices so deep and dark that the eye could not penetrate them.

ers they had been distorted into all sorts of weird and fantastic shapes.

It was ice everywhere and in every form, a cavern of solid ice, in which stalagmites and stalactites were replaced by icicles pendant or erect, all glittering in the light of our torches and assuming myriad shapes, grotesque and ghastly. For how many ages has this ice been here? It is the slow accumulation of the waters from the melting snows of winter which permeate hundreds of feet, to be again frozen in this subterranean chamber and form a minature Arctic region, into which the warmth of the surface never penetrates. These ice caves are numerous in the lava bed region, many of them being of extensive size, and some remarkable phenomena. Our guide told us of one in which was a well with steeply inclined sides and of unknown depth. In the winter this de-creases and becomes hot, until in midwinter it becomes a boiling spring. As the spring approaches it gradually cools, the volume of the water increasing, until in midwinter the well is filled to the top with a mass of ice. In our tour of the lava beds we had seen so many remarkable things that we accepted our guide's story as gospel truth, the more so as he proffered to lead us to the cave and show us the well, which at the time of our visit was in its condition of summer

Pushing along over a country full of seams and crevices, we halted at a point about fifteen miles south of Tule or Rhett Lake, where our guide informed us there was an opening into the underground wonders. We had reached a deep depression, or rather a miniature valley, on one side of which was a perpendicular cliff of lava. At the base of this was an opening less than three feet in height. Entering on hands and knees, we pro-ceeded for about a hundred yards, when we came to a circular chamber about sixteen feet in diameter and eight feet in height. In the walls of this room were openings which led to other caverns, to which this served as an ante-room. En-tering one of these, having as nearly as we could judge a northeasterly trend, we followed it for some two miles without its coming to an end. At intervals other caves branched off in all directions and at all angles. In places the walls and ceilings receded, forming vast halls, the floor, walls and cellings all honeyco until one felt that he was in the midst of a vast sponce

Passing through one of these halls we came to a narrow opening, where we were again compelled to go on all fours. This led down a steep declivity, and at the end of 100 feet opened suddenly into another vast hall. There was less of the lava character in the formation here, the walls being of obsidian. What the ceiling was like it was impossible to tell; it was so far above us that the light of our torches could not reach it. From the floor up, as far as we could see, rose a number of obsidian columns. Out of this chamber were six distinct openings, each leading to other caverns. Following one of these to other caverns. Following one of these we were led off through a hall for forty feet and found ourselves in another chamber like the one we had just left, but smaller. A central column of ob-sidian seemed to be supporting a domeshaped roof over our heads. The celling was apparently a mass of lava bowlders held in place without support, and seemingly ready to fall without a moment's notice. Passing along this the passage narrowed for some distance, and at last entered a grand hall which we had no difficulty in recognizing as the one we had left a short time previously—the "Hall of the Pillars," as we named it.

Entering another of the numerous open-ings out of this caamber, we moved cau-tiously for some 40 feet on an incline. Here we were stopped by a perpendicular drop of some 8 feet, which we de-scended by the aid of ropes provided by our guide. We were now in a huge chamber of solid obsidian, with glass floors, walls and ceilings. Hanging from the ceiling were masses of glass stalactites, while huge festoons of glass were hang-ing like drapery from walls and roof. Here were statues of glass on pedestals of glass. This cave was first explored some five years since by Clarence Cornell, but its extent is not yet known, as

its lower end we found a lake of water. Like all the chambers we had found, this had several passages leading from it in different directions. How far it extends is unknown. It is, however, known to pass under Dry Lake, and in places several galleries, one above another, have been found. We had been underground now for five hours, and the impossibility of finding the end was apparent. It was therefore determined to turn our steps therefore determined to turn our towards the outer world once more.

The time of our party was too limited for the work, and as we had no other incentive than curiosity, which we had satisfied with our day's rambling in this cavern, we pushed on the next day ten miles in a northwesterly direction and reached the most wonderful ice cave yet discovered in the lava beds. Its entrance is narrow, and the passage for some distance very narrow and very steep, but it widens out into an immense cham-ber, which has been followed for two miles without reaching the end. Walls, roof and floor are a solid mass of glittering ice, the floor undulating, and appears to have have been frozen when the water was in motion. Huge icicles hang from all projecting points, and the effect in the light of our torches was grand beyond description. How far this cave extends, or how long this mass of perpetual ice has lined its interior, or how thick the ice walls are, no one knows. The cold here was most intense, and we Gid not care to prolong our stay.

A number of other caves were visited

by our party, a very large one at Double Head Mountain, between Tule and Clear Lakes. This has been explored for a great distance and is of remarkable extent. The country is all cavernous, in fact, and it would be impossible for one to take them all in. Besides the ice caves there are others, the walls and floors of which are so intensely hot that no one has been able to penetrate them.

Nor are the caves the most striking wonders of this wonderful region. In all parts mammoth hot springs are found belching forth torrents of boiling water; there are great underground rivers, which have been explored only by the Indians. Here is Medicine Lake, a sheet of water reputed to possess curative properties, and to which the Indians have betaken themselves from time immemorial for

its healing, Part of each day this lake, in which no living thing has ever been found, is filled with a gelatinous, sponge-like substance, which sinks and leaves the water clear as crystal. Near this lake are two remarkable mountains, one of natural glass, the other of lava fantastically arranged in layers and folds. Flint tools and weapons are common, and what is supposed to be the ruins of an ancient mple have been discovered. There are regularly laid out walls, and the blo scattered about have evidently been tooled into shape by some ancient mechanics. Taken altogether, the lava beds form one of the most remarkable and fascinating sections of our land, and will yet prove as interesting to tourists other natural wonders at present more

State of Ohio, City of Toledo, Lucas County-s. s.

widely known.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of one hundred dollars for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886, A. W. GLEASON.

Notary Public. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials; free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all druggists, 75c. Children Cry for Pitcher's Castorial MR. EDISON'S WORKSHOP.

HIS FAMOUS LABORATORY AT LLEWELLYN PARK, NEW JERSEY.

Modern Wonder Working-How the Fnnny Phonograph is Made-Where Incandescent Lights Are Equipped.

It is a great brick building four stories high, crowded with machinery and flanked by other brick buildings, also crowded with machinery, the whole covering eight or ten acres of land and surrounded by an impassable fence-if such an establishment can be called a laboratory. then doubtless Thomas A. Edison's workshop on the edge of Llewellyn Park, in Orange, N. J., is the most extensive laboratory in the world, says the New

York Times correspondent. The Edison laboratory is easily reached by rail, being within sight of the Llewellyn station in Orange, and the Llew-ellyn station is a charming little rural spot, far from the madding crowd, with no human being in sight except at train times. But the door stands accommodatingly open, and when the station agent, who lives across the street, sees a stranger on the premises, he crosses over and offers to sell him a ticket. It is easy to reach the gate of the labora-tory, but not so easy to gain the inside. The gate is kept closed and locked, and the people who are constantly applying admission are told, always in the politest way and with the deepest regret on the part of the gate-keeper, that they can not be admitted without a pass from Mr. Edison or one of his superintendents. As these gentlemen are either busy in-side or absent they are not within reach, and a pass is hard to obtain. Even when provided with a pass the usual visi-tor sees little of the establishment beyond the dynamos, the phonographs and the stock room, for experiments are con stantly in progress in the many private rooms, and visitors there would certainly

be troublesome and might be dangerous They took me first to the top story where the phonographs are kept, and where six or more of them are constantly Some things they told me about the

phonograph that were hard to underand would be still harder to explain in type. One was the possibility of catching a sound that is inaudible, if I may express it so, and toning the phe graph up until the ear could appreciate it. The wax cylinders they seemed to hold cheap, for my guide broke several to show me their composition. was the startling answer when I asked how long the cylinders would last. This, however, must be taken conditionally. Although the first impressions made upon them do not wear out for years, and although an infinitesimal shaving may then be taken from the surface and the cylinders made ready for second use, still they may melt. They are made largely of hardened wax, and a temperature of 90 or 95 degrees Fahrenheit is likely to soften and ruin them. For this reason some doubts were expressed about the success of Professor Garner's efforts to bring some monkey conversations back from Africa on phonograph cylinders. Professor Garner has taken several phonographs with him to Africa, but it is more than likely that the equatorial heat there will ruin his cylinder.

One of the talking dolls that are common enough now in the toy shops was produced. But this was no ordinary talk-ing doll. Its clothing was somewhat disarranged and its head looked as though an autopsy had been performed upon it. The cylinder was so arranged that it could be turned backward and the deli made to repeat sentences, beginning at the end and producing every sound in re versed order. The effect was very much as though some foreign language was being spoken.

From the phonograph-room they took no one has ever attempted to follow it through all its sinussities.

The floor of the chamber we were now in sloped away to the northward, and at sloped away to the northward, as the down to the department where incandescent lamps are made. The glass is blown on the premises, and we saw the glass-blowern at work, leaving one part In one room they showed me a consign-ment of bamboos from the tropics, to be used in making the incandescent carbons. In one of the broad corridors they took me under many long rows of electric lamps suspended from the ceiling, nearly all burning. There were hundreds of the lamps, making the hall as light as day, and warming it perceptibly. These are all experimental lamps, and the trial of them they call the "survival of the fittest." Mr. Edison is anxious to find some more durable material for the carbons than bamboo, and nearly everything that is suggested is tried. The current is kept constantly on, and those lamps that burn out quickly are taken out and the material is rejected. Nothing so far has been found that answers better than bamboo, though some of the carbons last a long

The room in which the air is extracted from the glass bulbs is full of interest and also full of machinery, for the machine that does the work occupies almost the entire space, leaving only a narrow passageway around the walls. On front and back it is studded with long glass tubes like the water-gauge of a steam boiler, but larger and longer. Through these tubes a constant stream of spark-ling water seems to be flowing; but what seems to be water is mercury. The un-scaled bulb is fitted to a part of the machine, and the current of mercury be-longing to one tube flows through it and gradually extracts the air, or rather forces it out. At first the mercury running through the tube is full of air bubbles, but they gradually diminish, and at the end of twenty or thirty minutes the mercury runs smooth again. Then the air is all out and the bulb is scaled. This huge machine can operate upon about fifty bulbs at a time, and it consequently has a capacity of one hundred famps an hour.

From this place they took me into what is called the stock-room, which is quite as large as two ordinary houses. It is lined and filled with thousands of driers, sholves, cabinets and closets, containing every chemical that could by the most remote possibility be useful in experiment-The stock-room is the pride of the establishment, for it is believed to contain the greatest assortment of chemicals and electrical regulsites in the world. Half of the things will never be used, but they are ready if they should be needed. Mr. Edison has a habit of going into the laboratory at night and turning on the lights to begin the working out of some new idea.

LOVERS OF CATS.

Some of the Famous Propl. Who Have Been Fond of Fel ne Pets

Her silken majesty, the cat, has always gihered around her a coterie of the "fit though few" order—the select few, in contradistinction to the Philis-tine many. She has had her court painters and poet laureates, delighting to celebrate her charm and beauty. Even those who malign and profess to hate her yield an unwilling admiration to her grace in sportive moments, says the Norner yield an unwilling admiration to her grace in sportive moments, says the New Orleans Times-Democrat. The vulgar superstition of old, which made her the companion of witches, was after all an unconscious tribute to her fine subtletry of nature. At the present day her majesty should esteem herself fortunate in having added to the ranks of her declared admires such a choice spirit as Agnes Repplier. Writing in the Atlantic.

chared admiress such a choice spirit as Agnes Repplier.

Miss Repplier, writing in the Atlantic Monthly mentions among the loyal and distinguished admirers of cats Cardinal Wolsey. Champneury, Chateaubrand, Montaigne, Baudeiaire; Sir Walter Scott, to whom the death of his pet, Master Hinse, was a calamity; Theophile Cautier, whose Mme. Theopile, Seraphita, Enjoiras, Gavroche, Eponine and Don Pierrot de Navarre were regarded by him as cherished companions. She omits, however, from her list of cat-lovers the name of Dr. Johnson. That great, warm heart had a corner for poor puss, and his was more than a mere passive liking. It was his custom to go out and buy oysters for his cat, Hodge, lest his servants, if asked to perform such a duty might take a dislike to the animal and

so illtreat it. Boswell relates that when he praised Hodge's beauty Dr. Johnson replied: "Why, yes, sir: but I have had cats I liked better than this. But he is a very fine cat. indeed," the lexicographer added, hastily, as if fearing that his pet's feelings might be wounded. Perhaps it was Hodge that the ignorant young gentleman referred to when in persuit of knowledge he so disgusted Johnson by asking if "puss here" belonged to the oviparous species. It was not "out of sight, out of mind" with Dr. Johnson, for when several of his companions were talking of the pranks of some wild young blades who amused themselves by shooting cats in the street, Johnson was heard to mutter: "But Hodge shan't be shot. No, no! Hodge shan't be shot. The killing of De Quincey's cat by a savage dog, appropriately named Turk, was one of the tragedles of his childhood, still remembered with pain in his maturity. Speaking of kittens, he said, "Other creatures may be as happy, but they do not show it so much." Though Sidney Smith may not have been among those who place the proper valuation upon cats, he expressed his appreciation of them as a pleasant detail in the domestic scene. Charles Lamb must have tolerated one of these dainty creatures around his domicile, for he describes himself in a letter to Charles Cowden Clarke, going about like an Arcadian shepherd "with a switch turned up at the end for a crook, and lambs being too old, the butcher tells me, my cat follows me in a green riband." Shakespeare frequently points a moral with some feline allusion, bestowing very faint old, the butcher tells me, my cat follows me in a green riband." Shakespeare frequently points a moral with some feline allusion, bestowing very faint praise in the phrase, "the harmless, necessary cat." Miss Repplier speaks slightly of Wordsworth's lines—but surely it is an engaging picture that the poet calls up when he describes "the kitten's busy joy," at play among the fellien leaves. Gray, who in comparison with most of the lyrists, left so small a poet legacy to the world, did not disdain to lament in verse the death of a fapoet legacy to the world, did not disdain to lament in verse the death of a favorite cat. Shelley wrote mockingly of "The Cat in Distress," and Cowper's sneering allusion to the "fine puss gentleman" seems to express his mental attitude toward the subject of this article. Pope, who spoke contemptuously of those "that die and endow a college for a cat," must have scorned John, duke of Montague, whose feline favorites were among his legates Frederick Locker clearly wrote out of a fullness of his heart when he described that "exquisite cat" with with

"Long hair, soft as satin, A musical purr,"

which so fascinated Louiou. It is somewhat curious that the cat has had so few distinguished feminine admirers. Perhaps they have inctinctively avoided the badge of spinsterhood. Macilise's picture of Harriet Martineau represents her with Tabby perched comfortably upon her shoulder, but as it was rather a caricature than a portrait the artist may have thrown in that touch as tipifying the maiden state of the authoress. It should not be forgotten, bowever, that one of the most touching of Mary Wilkins' stories turns upon the loss and recovery of a lonely old woman's cat. And even in the old days there were some enlightened spirits among women. The Duchess of Lesdiguieres, who flourished in the age of Louis XIV., erected a costly monument to her cat, bearing on one side in letters of gold the inscription:

"Cy cist Menine la plus aimable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the side of the same almable at la controlled in the same a

Cy gist Menine, la plus aimable et la plus nimee de toutes les chattes," and on the other:

"Cy gist une chattee jolie;
Sa maistresse, qui n'a moit rein,
L'aime jusques a la folie.
Four qu d'dire? En le voit bien!"
Like all creatures of strong individuality, her silken majesty is either execrated or adord—there in no middle ourse. Her traits are all well defined.
ler tenacity of purpose has often been crated or adord—there in no initial course. Her traits are all well defined. Her tenacity of purpose has often been commented upon; to dislodge her from a favorite haunt or lead her whither she does not care to go might almost rank among human impossibilities. It teems as if she must have formulated a little proverb of her own; Ce que chatte veut, Dieu le veut." Miss Repplier shows that she understands the cat's true place in the universe. "Agrippina," she says, speaking of her own beautiful pet, "will never make herself serviceable, yet nevertheless is she of inestimable service." Looked upon by the vulgar as a mere rat catcher, and called illimable service." Looked upon by the vulgar as a mere rat catcher, and called cold, treacherous, ungrateful, etc., by conventional thinkers, her silken majesty needs neither utilities nor virtues to recommend her. She has another mission in life to fulfill—namely, "Just to show what beauty may." She embodies in herself the flexuous line of heauty, and is ever a delight to the eyes whether and is ever a delight to the eyes, whether stretched at languorous length or leap-ing and crouching with that savage grace which recalls her ancestors of the desert. She is physically incapable of an awkof the bulb open for the insertion of the carbon and the extraction of the air. ward movement, and for that reason, if for no other, she should be cherished in for no other, she should be cherished in a world where the clumsy and uncouth are very much at home. The legend runs that Camoens, when too poor to buy candles, used to write verses at night by the light of the cat's eyes. Strange thoughts should have visited a larist whose page was llumined by such lyrist whose page was illumined by such weird lamps of golden yellow or clear, translucent green. Perhaps some flat-ter day poet may take the hint and seek a source of inspiration.-Chicago News.

FAMILY ATTACK UPON A COON. A Lively Time for Farmer Bidiake, Mrs. Bidlake and : e Dog.

Farmer Cornelius Bidlake, of Preston township, Pa., felt thirsty just after Mrs. Bidlake and the children had gone to bed on a moonlight night recently, so he took the water pail and started for the well behind the house. He heard some clamshells rattle on the ground near the path, and the next instant a coon ran up the well sweep like a squirrel and perched itself on the post. He called the for any went to show the same than the coop He dog and went to stoning the coon. He didn't hit it, but he came so near that the coon crept to the top end of the sweep and clung there, directly over the

Mr. Bidlake threw some more stones Mr. Bidlake threw some more stones at the elevated coon, but his aim wasn't good, and the little animal didn't flinch. It hung to the sweep like a tick, but Mr. Bidlake made up his mind not to stone it any more. Then he started to pull it down by lowering the bucket into the well, and the dog danced around and yelped in his eagerness to get at the game. When Mr. Bidlake had pulled the sweep down to a steep angle the coon lost its hold and tumbled into the well. It struck the bucket on its way down. sweep down to a steep angle the coon lost its hold and tumbled into the well. It struck the bucket on its way down, but it failed to get a clawhold on it, and Mr. Bidlake heard it splasning in the water. He let the bucket down and the coon caught hold of it. Then he pulled the bucket up, and the lively coon leaped over the top of the well curb. The dog snapped at it and got nothing but a mouthful of hair, and while he was getting the hair out of his mouth, and before Mr. Bidlake had time to do anything, the coon had climed up a corner of the house and sat on the peak.

Mr. Bidlake went to stoning the coon again, and it ran back and forth along the ridgboard so fast that he couldn't hit it. Mrs. Bidlake heard the racket and got up and dressed. She took the dog to the opposite side of the house, and Mr. Bidlake got a ladder and a pole and climbed up the eaves to knock the coon off the roof. He struck at it with the pole, and it hopped to the top of an unused chimney and went out of sight. Mr. Bidlake pulled off his boots, walked to the peak in his socks, and jammed the pole down the chimney, but failed to reach the coon.

Then Mrs. Eidlake ran in the house,

to the peak in his socks, and jammed the pele down the chimney, but failed to reach the coon.

Then Mrs. Bidlake ran in the house, removed the board from the fireplace, and looked up the chimney. She couldn't get a glimpse of the coon, and Mr. Bidlake yelled down the chimney and told her to put a lot of shavings in the fireplace, saturate them with kerosene oil, and touch a match to them. She did so, and the smoke was too much for the coon. It popped out of the top of the chimney almost is soon as the smoke began to pour out, and Mr. Bidlake sent it sprawling to the ground with the pole.

The dog had been racing and yelping around the house like wildfire while Mrs. Bidlake was getting up a smoke, and he tackled the coon and drove it into the cellar, where he yelped and howled until Mr. and Mrs. Bidlake went down with a lamp. They found the coon perched on the top of a milk rack, and they closed the door and windows. Then Mrs. Bidlake held the lamp and her husband poked the coon from its perch. The dog tackled it, and in two minutes the coon gave him such a licking that he siunk into the corner of the cellar and whined with pain. Then the coon climbed upon the milk rack once more and Mrs. Bidlake bought the evening's entertainment to an end by clubbing the plucky little coon thief to death.

Now is the Time.

Now is the time to have your winter clothing renovated, and the Richmond Steam-Dyeing, Scouring and Carpet-Cleaning Dyeing, Scouring and Carpet-Cleaning Works is the place to have your work done-315 north Fifth street, Mrs. A. J.

Children Cry for Pitcher's Castoria.

DOWN AMONG MUMMIES.

EGYPTIAN BESEORCE AND WHAT

IT IS REVEALING.

est Paintings_Remarkable Reliefs.

The Museum at Gizeh-lbe World's Old-Worshipping the Gods.

In the introductory remarks to his last lecture upon ancient Egyptian art and architecture, at the Peabody, Baltimore, Dr. Dickerman very properly observed that it was a chapter in the history of civilization describing "the tremendous struggle which the minds and souls of men have made to write on external nature their ideas about the true, the beau-tiful and the good." And a long struggle it was, too, extending over thousands of years. Its history engraven in stones and embodied in manifold symbols still leaves ample room for investigation, and the study of its documents is not as yet beyond the stage of its infancy. On Columbus day, says the Sun, two gentlemen, one a well-known Egyptologist, formerly of this city, the other a Johns Hopkins man, were carnestly discussing in the presence of a third member of the symposium, not the Columbus cantata, which they had just heard at the Academy of Music, nor the celebration of the anniver-sary of the discovery of America, but the question whether Egyptology were not destined to reveal how the existence of the Western Hemisphere had been known in the times of the Pharoahs to the dwellers on the Nile. How the eyes of the old scholar flashed when he hinted to his younger friends that he had just succeeded in deciphering one single symbol and with it a part of Egypt's ancient history hitherto unkhown, or, at least, misunderstood. He did not tell them what it was, but the youngest of his interlocutors jumped up from his seat, vowing that the next year he would no longer stay in the Alexandria of America-Baltimore-his native town, but seek the shores of the Nile There is, therefore, no danger that peo-

ple, especially Baltimoreans, should nothing for ancient Egypt or the Egyptians, for their arts, their laws or their customs," and it may be timely to lay be-fore them part of a letter, dated Gizeh, September 27th, written under the shadows of the great pyramids, and giving a description of the new Egyptian museum of that place, situated on the left side of the Nile, opposite Cairo. The antiquities there collected were formerly stored without or-der or design at Bulak, the harbor of Cair, but have now been arranged in the palace of Ismael Pasha at Gizeh, which has been transformed into a mu-seum. "A more appropriate place," says the writer, "could scarcely have been chosen. In front flows the mighty Nile and back rises the Pyramids and Sphinx, while within the palace are conserved the monuments that trace the history of this land. In front of the palace is the sarcophagus that contains the remains of Mariette Pasha, to whom is due the founding of the museum, as well as the discovery and preservation of a great part of the monuments. The surrounding park is laid out in European style, but the environments remind one that it is Egypt. Auguste Edouard Mariette, the Egyptologist, who died in 1881, at Bulak, had begun to gather his collections there in 1858. He was a native of Boulogne, France, and received the title of Pasha in 1879.

The monuments are arranged according to the period to which they belonged. Almost without an exception all the objects have been taken from tombs. The ancient empire is represented from the first to the eleventh dynasties, the middle empire from the twelfth to the eighteenth, and the modern empire after the nine teenth dynasty. The first room contains chiefly objects of the fourth dynasty (about 4325 B. C., according to Marietta Pasha). At this time, during the reigns of Khufu (Cheops), Khafra (Clephren), and Men-Kan-Ra (Mycerinus), the three great pyramids of Egypt were built. The hieroglyphics are so well and clearly drawn that it shows there must have been a high state of civilization at this red. From the tomb of the royal scribe Hesi were taken several wooden panels, some of the figures being colored and the oldest known paintings in the world. In the second and third rooms are relics from the fourth to the sixth dynasties. In the centre of the second room are two large statues of Ranofen and a statue in wood of Raemka. walls are from the tomb of Subu. In the third room are the first monuments giving the names of kings, and the large stela from the walls of the tomb of Una giving the history of his life. He lived under the Kings Teta and Pepi (fourth and fifth rooms). The fine statue of Khafra, in diorite, was found in the Temple of the Spinx, at Gizeh. One can scarcely realize, observes the writer, that six thousand years ago there were artists that could chisel so perfectly every de-

In the centre of the sixth room is the colossal statue of Thi, from his tomb at Sakkarah, and a number of statues of different persons from tombs of the latter place and Gizeh. On the walls are stelea representing Apa, a Government of-ficial under Kepi L, and people at different occupations and domestic work. In the seventh and eighth rooms are several remarkable reliefs. One represents boatmen in a dispute; another the offering of sacrifices. In the centre of the ninth room is the granite sarcophagus of the high priest of Khufu, Aukh, with architectural designs. In this room are models of funeral boats, a granary, and houses. In the tenth apartment is the mummy of a King named Mentursaf, and in a glass case are the fragments of the mummy of the King Unas, of the fifth dynasty, taken from his pyramid at Sakkarah. In the eleventh to the thirteenth corations, with a line of hieroglyphics around the edge and a chapter from the book of the dead written inside. The fourteenth room contains relics of King An-Autef, of the eleventh dynasty.

At the fifteenth room commences the middle empire. There are a number of curious statues; one is of the Princess Nofert, wife of Usertasen L, of the twelfth dynasty. From Tanis are black sphinxes, on which different epochs sev-eral kings have marked their names, but the features are those of a Hyksos King. The sarcophagus is of Tagi, the stela of Nachte and Amoul, and the offering table of King Usertasen and one with the name of the Princess Phah-nefer-u. In the sixteenth room are a steala from Abygos and number of relics recently found at

In several rooms following are monuments relative to the eighteenth and nineteenth dynasties. This was a period of great events in Egyptian history. The triumphal stela of Thothmes III., of black granite, shows the King worshipping the god Ammon. The hymn records the tory of Seli and the King. From Abydos is the stela of Nebua, prophet of Osiris, under Thothmes III. From Karnak is the The Temple of Mut at Thebes was con-

secrated to her, and from Abydos is the stela of Rameses Em-pa-na. The fine head of a queen from Karnak is thought wife of Amenhotep III., of to be Tala, the eighteenth dynasty. A number other statues and stelae record events or religious hymns.

Inere are many statuettes of the gods amulets and symbols in these depart-ments. As it was thought that the soul would return to the body, they buried everything with the mummy, so that the soul at its return might find things that had belonged to it in this life. All kinds of articles are, on this account, found either wrapped up with the mummy in the coffin or in the tomb. The jewelry of Queen Anh-hotep, mother of the Anhmes eighteenth dynasty, is exquisitvely made, and shows the perfection and skill of the goldsmith's art over three thousand years

The hall of the royal mummles is un-questionably the point of greatest in-terest to the general visitor. The student that can decipher the hieroglyphics and thus read the history written on the walls and monuments may linger long on the ground floor. In this most remarkable of

all mausoleums in the world lie the withered remains of the mighty and powerful
monarchs of the past. Under the castle
dome the open coffins, in glass cases, are
arranged in a circle on the floor. First
is Thothmes III., 1465 B. C., perhaps the
most famous of Egyptian kings. On the
walls of the Temple of Karnak is recorded the history of his career and glorious reign. A few steps further and the
visitor stands before Rameses II., besontris of the Greeks, the Pharoah of the
oppression. Many monuments still retris of the Greeks, the Pharoah of the oppression. Many monuments still remain erected by him during his long reign. Next is his father, Seti I., and Rameses III. Nearby is Aahmes (Amosis), the conqueror of the shepherd kings and founder of the famous eighteenth dynasty, and his wife, Ahmes Nefertary, After the kings, queens, princes and princesses come the high priests.

The mummies are so perfectly preserved that even the characteristic traits of the features are visible. They are for

of the features are visible. They are for the most part entirely unrolled, the bo-dies are slightly draped, but the heads, shoulders, hands and feet are left uncovered. The lids of the coffins, which are elabo-rately decorated in gold and high colors, are laid on one side. There are mummies in every state, from those that are entirely unrolled to those that have all the covering on, just as they were arrayed years ago. Some are in better state of preservation than others, but all prove how vain are man's endeavors to preserve the final resting place of his earthly form. What would these kings have thought if they could have known that the hidden chambers in the depths of what they believed impenetrable pyra-mids would be opened and their bodies placed on public view and subjected to

the gaze of the curious throngs?

Mr. Flinders Petrie, the well-known Egyptologist, lately sent to England a series of twelve mummified skeletons discovered by him in Egypt. These mummies, deposited in the museum of the mies, deposited in the museum of the Royal College of Surgeons, are probably the most ancient that have yet been brought to light, dating possibly as early as 4000 B. C. They are those of a tall, well-proportioned race, with highly developed around and present the most of the proposition of the pr veloped crania, and present the usual characteristics of mummies, such as rentral incisions, fine linen wrappings, etc. linen bandages, three or four inches in width, are made of flax and of the finest texture. Dr. J. G. Garson, at the request of Mr. Petrie, is expected to describe them in an early report.

HUNTING IN DISMAL SWAMP. How Drer, Coons and Opessums Are Brought to Book.

Lake Drummond is, and has been for years, a favorite spot for deer. They are hunted with dogs, a still hunter being an object of aversion to the natives, and he is lucky if he escapes without having the tails of his shirt nailed to a tree as a warning to the next tenderfoot who imagines that still hunting is the only way to shoot deer, says a writer in the New York Journal.

The "cattle-beast" is the local name given to the sturdy wild cattle which roam about through the fastnesses of the swamp. They are small, under-sized animals, as swift and shy as a deer. When the farmer wishes a fresh beef be takes his gun and his dogs and runs the animal to a standstill. The "cattlebeast" is a favorite meat for bear, and oftentions carries the meat for bear, and oftentimes carries the marks of severe encounters, says Frank A. Heywood.

It is the height of fun, if not exactly true sport, to attend a coon or opossum hunt in the Dismal. Both are universal favorites for the table, and nowhere can be found a fit companion to the 'possum (unless it is a young pig, which, after fattening on milk, emerges a "perfect roll of butter"), and in point of flavor and

delicacy cannot be surpassed.

Both of the animals are rich in fighting qualities. A high-spirited coon will lie on his back and whip almost anything that comes along; but in the branches of the persimmon the 'possum is king. He is subject to nothing but a "nigger." His throne is the branch from which he hange by the tail, and from it he swings and

For coon and 'possum hunting, provide yourself with plenty of "niggers" and coon dogs and start into the swamp immediately after dark. It will not be long before the dogs have a coon treed. Then comes the fun. The coon is in the tree, the dogs are at its foot. The great moon silvers the green branches. Muscular ne-groes attack the tree with a sharp steel or mount into its branches. Torches of light wood glare brightly. The hunters gather about. The tree falls or the coon is shaken from the branches.

In either case there is a conglomerate mass of negro, dog and coon. Thump! The dog has him and a tussle occurs, but the dog wins. Thump again! A negro has smitten a brother in his anxiety to strike the coon. Yah! A negro has caught a 'possum, and inserting the beast's tall in the clevis of a bickory stick, starts for home, the envy of his sable companions. The light of the full moon, the flare of the pine knots shining upon the black countenances, form pictures never to be forgotten. Off starts the dogs through the fields of corn or reedy marshes, and on a good coon night within fifteen minutes the scene will be repeated.

Before the war "fox running" was a very popular sport with planters who lived about the Dismai Swamp, but of late years has sunk into almost "innocu-ous desuctude." In the ante-bellum days any one who was any one" kept a pack of hounds and could furnish a day's sport equal to that furnished by an English lord. But at present there is very little "fox hunting," and I should have entirely forgotten the existence of many packs of hounds but for the recent action of a Philadelphia drummer, who rejoices in the sobriquet of "Tombstones," who, in a fit induced by looking upon whisky cocktails with "cherries" in 'em, drove into Norfolk from Ocean View tooting incessantly upon a huntsman's horn and followed by about 150 baying hounds, which it took the owners a week to recover.

I suppose about every section of Tidewater Virginia and in Eastern North Carolina affords good bird and squirrel shooting. I have driven hundreds of miles in both sections, but have found nothing better than in the Dismal Swamp. It is the winter home of the blackbird and robin, and a blackbird ple stuffed with Lynnhaven oysters is a dish for the gods,

The Swamp is the scene of the reveries of the squirrel and the rabbit. too, it has the enchantment of silence, the glistening of trees and reeds and grasses; deep, soft moonlight and star-light; and, best of all, the heavens of sentiment and tenderness opening to you, as somehow they do not or cannot anywhere else.

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